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## STRAY CHAPTERS FROM MY JOURNALS.

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### ASCENT OF THE PEAK.

NEXT morning, Thursday the 24th of August 1820, we were all up betimes, and stirring actively about, in spite of the previous day's fatigues. There were many preparations to be made, and some of these became still more necessary from the state of the weather, which was the worst possible for us. It rained hard, and was so foggy that we could hardly see the adjacent ridges which overhung the town; to say nothing of the great object of our anticipated idolatry—the Peak—of which not even the smallest glimpse could be caught. We had our friend the consul's guarantee for a sound ducking, backed by his comfortable assurance, resting on long knowledge of the spot, that we should see nothing at all for the greater part of our way up; and he therefore most good-naturedly endeavoured to dissuade us from the attempt, and put the tempting hospitalities of the consulate into the balance against the Peak. I need hardly say which scale kicked the beam.

Bribery and corruption, menaces, promises, and here and there a sprinkling of those deep-seated guttural oaths in which the Castilian dialect is so copious—in short, all the machinery of influence—were in vain put in requisition to make those imperturbable fellows, the Dons, bestir themselves. The consul, who knew the trim of the islanders better than we did, laughed at our impatience, coaxed the Spaniards good-humouredly, and by his official authority, and his personal acquaintance with the men who were to be our guides, eventually put every thing in train. Yet, with all this, it was mid-day before we could make our first start from the port of Oratava to the town of the same name, which lies farther from the sea—about two miles, I think, up the very steep but richly clad surface of the hill. This small bit of the journey we performed on our Santa Cruz horses of the day before, in order to leave the others fresh for the main expedition. As we went along, we were invited to turn into a garden to see a huge tree, celebrated by Humboldt and other travellers under its botanical name, which I forget. Its trunk measures thirty-eight feet in circumference, and its sap yields the well-known dragon's blood. It struck me as being the most fantastic-looking tree I had ever beheld, and at any other time and place it must have engaged no small share of our admiration; but at that particular moment, every thing which occurred to retard our ascent of the Peak, no matter whether interesting or not, was looked upon as a sort of offence, and we felt that any attention so drawn from us, was an infidelity to the object which filled our thoughts.

Under the same spirit, I could have thumped the guide, when, meeting him in the town, and expecting to hear that all was ready for the start, we were told by him, with all imaginable composure, that he had not yet been able to collect the party, but hoped they would gather soon. The consul, seeing that our bad Spanish and worse humour, instead of advancing matters, only kept them back, seduced us into the house of a friend of his, a distinguished virtuoso, who had devoted his life to the collection of rarities. He evidently hoped by these means to divert our attention for a little; but the plan was not very successful.

\* The Great Dragon Tree, as this magnificent piece of timber was usually called, fell prostrate before a violent tempest in 1822.—E.L.

The collection consisted of every thing worthless, with a proprietor who seemed to like each particular rarity all the better, the more despicable it was in the eyes of others; after the manner of parents who become fond of rickety and deformed children, the more disagreeable they are to the rest of the world. The agony of being guided through any large collection, at any time, is bad enough; but it was quite intolerable at this anxious moment to be goaded through a wilderness of trash.

At last we got away; but it was past one o'clock before the clattering of the mules' feet on the pavement was exchanged for the muddy splash on the winding path leading up the mountain. The road lay at first among scattered houses, all surrounded by rich vineyards, and sometimes for half a mile at a time it ran through narrow lanes, formed by walls almost entirely hid in brambles, here and there varied by the huge aloe of the island. As we ascended the hill, the richness of this low kind of foliage gradually became less and less, till we reached a district, or horizontal belt, of gorgeous chestnuts. In process of time we left these behind, and came to the region of heaths, which do not grow there, as at the Cape and in other countries, along the ground, but rise into tall and beautiful shrubs, and, mixing with the arbutus and Portugal laurel, form a wilderness of singular interest to the eyes of an European. The ground we passed over in our winding ascent now became exceedingly rugged, and, from the occasional glimpses we obtained of the scenery, we were left to imagine that, had the day been clear, we must have commanded an extensive view of the country, both below and above us. But the provoking clouds overhead, and the fog beneath, never broke for more than a moment, and then closed again, shutting out every thing from our sight.

Our drenched cavalcade continued winding slowly up the steep and broken passes, at the rate of about a mile and a half an hour. Even at this tardy pace we gained in a short time much perpendicular height, for the abrupt nature of the hill-side made our ascent somewhat like that of a ladder. At first we complained grievously of our cattle; but we had reason, after a little experience, to suspect that a really good horse would have cut a much worse figure than the small, compact, sure-footed, though very slow-paced, mules which we bestrode. Only my two companions and I were mounted. The guides, being regularly bred to the calling, trudged along on foot, each carrying in his hand a pole about six feet in length, not unlike the well-known "batons" of the Alpine guides; though the men themselves, as we discovered to our cost, were of a very different stamp from those noble Switzers, whose spirit and intelligence add so much to the delight of rambling along the flanks of Mont Blanc or scaling the glaciers of the Allée Blanche. Nothing, indeed, could be more commonplace than our Tenerife guides, except that they were cheerful fellows, and as active as Spaniards ever can be. They appeared also to be well acquainted with the way, which, after all, is the first requisite in a pilot, whether on shore or at sea. Besides these men, we were accompanied by two subordinate functionaries, who took care of the sumpter mules—one of which was loaded with two small barrels of water and the provisions for the guides; the other carried our basket, which had been stuffed full of every thing desirable under the eye of the kindest of consuls. On one of the mules were laid our instruments, together with a small tent, which had formerly belonged to an officer in the Scots Greys, but was now destined for a service that would have

puzzled the best-mounted troopers in that distinguished corps.

After we had gone on climbing and scrambling, but never slipping or stumbling, for three or four rather long hours, we felt the weather becoming very cold; and as the rain never ceased for an instant, while the fog was as dense as ever, our situation on the mules was not by any means pleasant. The only favourable circumstance was the wind not being in our faces; but even with all the shelter of cloaks and umbrellas, we became gradually but thoroughly drenched from head to foot; and as the cold increased with the increasing elevation, this very unpleasant fact became more and more apparent. The prospect of having to pass the night in wet clothes, under such a piercing wind, was far from cheering. Nevertheless, the fervent interest excited by the grand object in view, raised our spirits far above the reach of such feelings of inconvenience. The guides, unfortunately, began, as the day drew to a close, to lose their spirits. They first talked of the impossibility of arriving before eleven o'clock at the usual resting-place, called, curiously enough, *La Estancia de los Ingleses*—the Halt of the English; and presently they told us we must not hope to reach that spot at all this night. We were in their hands, and could of course do nothing; but still we thought it as well to fortify ourselves against so comfortless an evening by taking our dinner, while there was still some remains of daylight. A flat rock, on the edge of a yawning chasm five hundred feet deep, afforded us good footing; and we dined heartily, and took a glass or two of the consul's choice Madeira with all imaginable glee, though the water trickled off our hats into the glasses as we lifted them to our lips.

I felt on this day, notwithstanding the comfortless nature of the weather and the obliteration of the landscape, the same exuberant flow of spirits which I remembered to have experienced on passing the high ranges of the Alps; and also, though in a still more remarkable degree, on ascending the Ghauts, and gaining the table-land of the Mysore country, in the south of India, after living for some months in the flat, vapour-bath sort of climate of the Carnatic. On these occasions, I was conscious of a degree of lightness, a sort of bounding feeling, a "springiness of tone," as if I could have leaped twenty yards at once. This notion of bodily elasticity and vigour, was accompanied by a correspondent buoyancy and good-humoured cast of thought. Every body and every thing in the world seemed good, not excepting the present company. On the contrary, we all felt the most perfect confidence in ourselves, and laughed at the doubts and difficulties of the guides, as we pledged and repledged them in the consular nectar—fit beverage for such dwellers in the clouds as we then were!

On remounting our dripping mules, we drew our boat-cloaks closer round us, tied our trusty belchers in firmer folds round our necks, and made all these preparations for a stormy night which we had often practised before in scenes less romantic. The evening came on with provoking speed—unlike the graceful close of your northern day, where the interval between the sunlight and the starlight is so gradually passed over, that the transition may scarcely be marked, while we accommodate our senses to the change. At the outset of our journey, we had promised ourselves a fine cosy sleep in the soldier's tent, and chuckled at the thoughts of a piping-hot supper of fried ham and eggs, followed by a jorum of mulled claret. We also luxuriated scientifically on the numerous observations of the moon and stars which we were to make. But all these revels of the fancy now faded away before the bitter biting reality of as



bleak a twilight as ever closed upon a set of philosophers. In one sense, indeed, we really deserved to be so called, since we made up our minds cheerfully to our inevitable fate, and by due efforts collected a very fair stock of patience for the occasion.

In this frame of mind we paced slowly on; but we had not proceeded many hundred yards, before the inclination of the ground changed, and instead of our climbing up a steep, broken crag, as it were, at the risk of our mules' legs and their riders' necks, we found ourselves ambling along upon a comparatively level and very smooth surface. The black, rough, and slaggy crust of the lava streams was no more to be seen, but in its place a coating of pumice gravel, resembling not a little a coral beach, and as white as hail-stones, scattered with that kind of uniformity which seems to mark that they had been thrown down in a shower—a shower of frozen volcanic froth, for such pumice undoubtedly is—at the close, probably, of some ancient eruption of the volcano—ages beyond the days of history. Delighted with the change, we set off at a canter, and soon we found that other good fortune was in store for us. The fog became less dense, the rain drops smaller, and the air less chilling. The relief which we consequently felt was very great. By and by, we thought we could detect overhead some faint symptoms of the sky, and ere long the effect of the full moon's light was apparent, though she herself, being still low, was quite invisible. All this gave us hopes: but the happiness of having clear weather was almost too great to be looked for; it was that sort of good fortune, indeed, which is so unlikely, that it is not prudent to risk too much hope upon it. Meanwhile, matters did not get worse—which was something—and we scarcely knew what to think of it at all, when—flash! came a fine bright sky overhead, in which the stars were sparkling away right merrily. As we rode up—for the way, though smooth and much less steep, was still in ascent—we caught a peep at times of land to the right and left of us; and now we did begin to trust ourselves with a faint expectation of getting a sight of the Peak itself.

This frame of mind was no sooner adopted, than our imaginations were all at work, and our eyes strained towards the quarter in which the mountain lay hid. I had just remarked, that if I could but get a single look of the Peak—were it but for a second of time—I should go back contented. "What would I not give only to see the Peak!" I exclaimed; and at that instant one of my companions shouted out, "Look there!" and there indeed we beheld before us the glorious summit of Teneriffe, apparently so close that it seemed almost by our side. I shall never forget the sensation of awe caused by this astonishing spectacle, coming as it did so unexpectedly upon us. Had a giant in a human form, but as tall as the mountain, stood in the plain, the figure would certainly have excited more wonder; but I cannot think that even such a sight would have caused more admiration than this sudden apparition of the splendid object we had so long desired to behold. My first sensation was one of intense gratitude for our good fortune; but it immediately sunk beneath the tremendous impression produced by the sight of an object so suddenly presented to us, and so far exceeding all that the imagination had previously dared to conceive. I felt as if I had come abruptly into the presence of some great and august being, beside whom I was myself but as a pigmy: awe, wonder, dread, were the elements of the sensation which I now experienced. This at length subsided, as the novelty of the sight wore off, and finally it gave way to more familiar feelings, amongst which were curiosity, and a vehement desire to reach the summit of the mountain.

While we stood to gaze, our guides, whom we had far outstripped, came up to us, and we then proceeded on our journey. The clouds which had surrounded us now rapidly cleared away. In the course of ten minutes more we were trotting along in a totally different region, having emerged from the clouds—in fact, actually got above them, and into a stratum of atmosphere which was perfectly dry and clear. On looking behind us, we could see the white masses extending in a horizontal bed from the edge of the pumice plain, and at a level only a few hundred feet lower than the road we were now travelling over. There could be no doubt that if we had turned about and gone down again, for half a mile or so, we should have re-entered the clouds, and been exposed to the fog and rain just as before, though, at the elevation we had now reached, the air was perfectly dry. That such was its condition, we had the most satisfactory evidence. On reaching the clear atmosphere, being tired and cold, we had dismounted for a little; and it was then remarked that every part of our clothes was saturated with wet. Half an hour afterwards, not only our shoes and stockings, but all the other parts of our dress, were as dry as tinder. This rapid absorption of moisture by the thirsty air, of course, made us feel, while the process of evaporation was going on, no inconsiderable degree of cold, but we soon walked ourselves into warmth.

I had taken off my gloves just before coming out of the clouds, and as the leather was completely sodden with the wet of so many hours, I wrung them well and thrust them into my pocket. The nipping cold of the pumice plain, made me presently bethink myself of my gloves; but, on pulling them forth, they were almost as hard as a ball of tin, being shrivelled up and dried as effectually as if they had been baked. I

could not get them opened out, still less pull them on, so thoroughly were they parched up. A friend had recommended me to carry a hygrometer with me, and I found I had unintentionally obeyed his injunctions. To the curious in such matters, I can do no greater service than recommending them to consult Daniell's Meteorological Essays, in the appendix to which (second edition) he has shown how well the facts above related accord with his ingenious theories.

The moon, now only about a day past the full, was sailing into the heavens in grand style, with the planet Jupiter in attendance upon her, and Saturn following at a respectful distance. Her disk was so bright, that we could not keep our eyes fixed upon it beyond a few seconds, without considerable inconvenience. The stars also shone out every where with intense lustre, and twinkled, I think, fully as much as I ever saw them do when viewed from the level of the sea. I am the more particular in stating this circumstance, as it has been supposed that the stars do not twinkle when seen from great elevations. I suspect that the phenomenon in question depends upon the degree of moisture in the medium through which the stars are viewed; for I remember observing in Chili, that while the stars twinkled vehemently at Valparaiso, on the sea-coast, they appeared almost motionless at Santiago, some sixty or eighty miles in the interior, at a time when the whole country was arid to the last degree. It is true, the particular stratum of the atmosphere in which we now were, lying immediately over the pumice plain, appeared to be as dry as it was possible for air to be; but in all probability this absence of humidity was incident to that particular stratum only, while the air lying above, and beyond the circuit of the island, and through which the rays from the stars came to our eyes, may have been sufficiently charged with moisture.

After walking and riding for five or six miles over the pumice gravel, the particles of which increased in size as we approached the centre of action, we arrived at the foot of an enormous rudely-shaped mountain, formed out of many thousands of streams of lava, piled confusedly one above another. On the top of this rugged and totally barren mass of rock stands the great cone of ashes and volcanic cinders forming the true Peak or highest summit of Teneriffe. This irregular pedestal on which the cone stands must be several thousand feet above the level of the pumice plain. It is at all places extremely steep, and in some even precipitous or actually overhanging. It appears to be composed, as I have said above, of a succession of vast streams of lava, which have flowed over one another, interstratified, probably, with showers of ashes and layers of boiling mud, eventually hardened into tufa, according to the usage of volcanoes elsewhere. Some of these rivers of lava, after flowing down the sides of the mountain, have thrust themselves across the plain, while others have only reached the base of the hill. The surfaces of almost all these prodigious lava courses, of which, I suppose, there may be counted some hundreds, have their crust broken up and twisted about in such a way as to form an exceedingly rough exterior. This appearance seems to indicate, that, while the body of the stream of lava underneath was still in liquid fusion, and flowing down the side of the mountain, the outer coating had become so hard as to form a sort of tunnel or pipe for the melted matter within. When the hydrostatic pressure of the fluid mass became too much for the strength of this crust, the lava would break through at the weakest points; and from every such fresh opening a new current would take its departure, to have its surface congealed into a pipe, and then broken up in like manner. In many places this thick coating or rind of partially cooled lava was not actually burst open, but was doubled up in huge folds, and contorted in the most fantastic style imaginable. The whole scene spoke a language very intelligible to the geologist, telling the story of volcanoes long extinct, almost as plainly as if he had witnessed the eruptions. At other points, where the inclination of the ground over which the stream had flowed was not so abrupt, the consolidation of the outer surface of the stream appeared to have been more complete, before it came to be broken up, and then, from its being too hard to bend, it was broken into ridges and variously shaped pieces, placed side by side, on their edges or on the top of one another, very much in the way that we sometimes see ice packed in rivers, where a point of land interrupts the regular direction of the current.

It was impossible to view these palpable evidences of ancient disturbances, without feeling ourselves carried back to those remote ages, respecting the occurrences of which not a vestige of human history, or even of tradition, is upon record, and of whose date we dare not even form a conjecture. In other geological speculations, we may have some doubts, and there is room, accordingly, for various hypotheses; but in what we were now looking upon, there was no question whatever that all these solid rocks had once been in active motion, nor that the volcano, now so still and solitary, and whose tranquil sides we were just about to scale, was once all fire and uproar.

Our sleeping quarters, the Estancia de los Ingleses, lay still a long way above us—no less than a thousand feet above the plain; and, certainly, after so toilsome a day's journey, it did seem cruel to take the unhappy mules farther up, particularly those charged with baggage. But the guides made light of our humanity, and by banging their wretched beasts only the more

soundly the more we petitioned for mercy, gave us a lesson on the mischief of indiscreet interference. So, without more ado, we commenced our tedious scramble with very weary feet, and went on zig-zagging our way, at a very slow pace, till nine o'clock, when we happily reached the small barren plain called the Estancia de los Ingleses. It is about thirty yards square, having two great rocks in the middle, each of them being about as big as an ordinary parlour. These great stones had probably been projected from the crater during some violent eruption, and had either fallen on the spot where they now lie, or may have rolled down the sides of the hill. This reminds me to state, that on the pumice plain we observed a considerable number of these round blocks of lava, varying from the size of an arm-chair to that of a stage-coach, and as black as coal, scattered at intervals on the top of the snow-white gravel. It would have been a fine sight to have witnessed these monstrous shot fired out of the mouth of the volcano! The guides soon made a fire under the lee of one of the rocks, and set about cooking supper, while we employed ourselves in pitching the tent and arranging our beds on the weather side, to be out of the reach of the smoke of the cooking fire. It was then fixed, by and with consent of our council, that we should start at three o'clock next morning for the top of the Peak; and after a hearty meal, we wrapped ourselves in our cloaks, and lay down to sleep, having first exhausted the English language of every epithet we could by any effort recollect, to express our raptures.

#### RATES FOR LIFE-ASSURANCE.

LIFE-ASSURANCE grew up in the last and present centuries amidst such an imperfect knowledge of the data on which it depends, that there is little to be wondered at in the great variety of rates charged by the different offices. These data are now, however, much better understood, and it has become possible to arrive at a comparatively close estimate of what charges are really required from an individual, in order to make good a sum at his death for the benefit of his survivors. There might be greater closeness still, if the laws of mortality, now so well ascertained, were alone concerned; but the rate of interest upon money also enters into the calculation, and this, as is well known, is liable to fluctuation. Loose as the matter thus remains in some measure, enough is ascertained to admit of an approximation being made to something like a standard for the conducting of this important branch of business. We shall endeavour briefly to impart some knowledge of the subject to such of our readers as may not have chance to give it a very careful consideration. We believe that it would be well for the public if they were better acquainted with it.

The rate of mortality and the rate of interest upon money, are the two principal data on which life-assurance practically depends. We shall first consider the rate of mortality.

Tables of mortality are founded on the assumption that human life is of a certain average endurance; and by means of them we estimate the number of deaths that may be expected among a given number of individuals, from the proportion that has been observed to occur among another class similarly circumstanced.

The tables of mortality adopted in this country as the basis of calculation for insurance companies, are three in number. That known by the name of the *Northampton table*, is the oldest now in use. It is founded upon observations made by the celebrated Dr Price, of the deaths registered for the population of one of the parishes of the town of Northampton, during the years between 1735 and 1780. This table, it is now acknowledged, shows far too high (or rapid) a rate of mortality, owing partly to no effect having been given to the fluctuations in the population of that parish, from immigration and other such causes, and partly to the great improvement which has taken place in the value of life since the middle of last century, consequent upon the introduction of vaccination and other improvements in medical science, as well as in the habits and modes of living of the people. In 1827, a select committee of the House of Commons, appointed to investigate this subject, reported—"The evidence appears to your committee to be strong and decisive in favour of the use of tables which give an expectation of life higher than the Northampton. In truth, there is not even a *prima facie* case in their favour."

The *Carlisle table* was formed, not from the register of burials among a floating population, but from observations of the deaths which occurred, at each year of life, among a certain stated number of persons in the town of Carlisle. The observations were conducted by Dr Heysham, and the calculations made, in the most scientific manner, by Mr Joshua Milne, author of the valuable work on annuities.

Finally, the *Government table* was compiled from observations on the progressive mortality occurring among the government annuitants and other selected classes, distinguishing the sexes. They were prepared, under the directions of government, by Mr Finlaison, actuary to the National Debt; and in 1829 were adopted by Parliament as the basis upon which their future calculations should proceed. Mr Finlaison's researches established the fact of the longer duration of female life. He also observed "a very extraordi-



mary prolongation of human life" in the course of the time over which his inquiries extended—so great "that the duration of existence now, as compared with what it was a century ago, is as 4 to 3 in round numbers."

Besides these three, a table was framed by Mr Griffith Davies from the deaths reported from time to time among the members insured in the great Equitable Society of London, from its commencement in 1762 down to 1829, which has since been recalculated and continued down to a later period by Mr Morgan, the actuary to that society. This table is very valuable, as confirming the substantial accuracy of other observations, with which it very nearly corresponds.

The relation which these tables bear to each other may be seen at a glance from the following table, showing the mean expectation of life at various ages according to each.

At Age.	By Northampton.	By Carlisle.	By Government.			By the experience of the London Equitable.
			Males.	Females.	Menn.	
20	33.43	41.46	30.30	43.99	41.19	41.67
25	30.05	37.06	26.90	40.61	39.36	39.12
30	26.97	34.34	23.17	37.37	35.57	34.33
35	25.68	31.69	20.17	34.34	32.24	30.93
40	23.68	27.61	17.02	31.12	29.07	27.40
45	20.52	24.46	13.75	27.61	25.78	23.87
50	17.99	21.11	10.30	24.35	22.33	20.36
55	15.58	17.98	7.15	20.79	19.07	16.99
60	13.21	14.34	4.39	17.32	15.86	13.91

Independently of the acknowledged deficiency of the data on which the first-mentioned table is founded, the mere fact of its differing so much from any other authentic observation, is of itself conclusive against it; and, by parity of reasoning, the close agreement of the others affords strong presumptive evidence in their favour, and imparts a high degree of certainty to calculations based upon them. The Carlisle table occupies a mean place between the male and female observations of government, showing a somewhat shorter duration than the mean of these. It also coincides very nearly with the experience of the Equitable Society. Considering that it is thus supported by two other sets of observations, and that the whole three extend over a period during which life was not so good as it has since become, the general opinion in favour of the safety of the Carlisle tables for life-assurance may be held as well founded. This opinion receives corroboration from the experience of the Scottish Widows' Fund, which extends over the last twenty-five years. In 1834, the auditor of that society reported, as the result of a careful investigation, "that the expected number of deaths by the Northampton table, which is the table of the society, is to the actual number during the whole progress of the society, as 100 to 57; and the proportion of the expected number by the Equitable experience is to the actual number as 100 to 87." We have understood that the experience of the Scottish Widows' Fund since 1834 is even more favourable to life. If, then, we were to take the whole twenty-five years' experience of this society as a criterion, we should come to the conclusion that the Equitable experience, the Carlisle tables, and the Government mean, are considerably within the verge of safety, while the Northampton tables are so far from the standard of modern life as to be, particularly with regard to the younger class of lives, quite unfit for use.

We have now to advert to the rate of interest, meaning the rate at which the yearly premiums may be expected to be improved.

This subject is one which does not admit of the same certainty as the other, and on which, accordingly, many theories may be held. In 1829, for example, Mr Finlaison writes—"I take it for granted that it will be considered safe enough to assume that money, in a long course of years, will so accumulate, through all fluctuations, as to equal a constant rate of 4 per cent.; because, in point of fact, money has hitherto accumulated at 4½ per cent., whether we reckon from 1803 or from 1783." Other writers, again, and among them Mr De Morgan, looking chiefly to the high price of the 3 per cents. of late years, say that not more than 3½ per cent. should be counted on. But perhaps the advocates of this view do not sufficiently advert to the fact, that the government securities always represent the lowest return obtained for money even by individuals, and that public bodies, and insurance companies in particular, have very great advantages over them in the investment of their funds. Of this satisfactory proof might perhaps be obtained by ascertaining whether any portion of their capital has been invested by life-assurance offices in the government funds for the last twenty years.

But on this point, as well as the mortality, may not the experience of the offices be appealed to? If accurate information of this can be obtained, it must at least furnish a useful guide in the formation of a sound opinion. It appears, from the published report of the Edinburgh Life Assurance Company, dated December 1838, that for the three preceding years (1836, 1837, and 1838, when, it will be remembered, interest was unusually low), the average rate realised on their funds was L.4, 16s. 6d. per cent.—about 1½ per cent. higher than the return from the 3 per cents. during the same time. And this, it is stated, was obtained without any part being laid out in the purchase of reversions—on which, it is known, a much higher rate

can be got. The example of this office is quoted merely from the circumstance of their report happening to state the precise return at that period. Other Scottish offices are said to have obtained a higher rate. Most of them state that their funds are invested "about," "at," or "above," 5 per cent. Indeed, it is not conceivable that the offices could make such large returns to proprietors and members, in the shape of dividends and bonuses, if they did not generally improve money at about the rate last mentioned.

We have here, then, exhibited before us the principal data on which rates for life-assurance are formed. When we come to inquire how they have been wrought out in practice, we find a surprising discrepancy of result, throwing a remarkable light upon the various degrees of cautiousness possessed by different men. The most of the older offices continue to adhere to the exploded Northampton tables, not, it is true, as asserting their correctness, but on the plea of their well-marked safety. It is also a maxim amongst these offices, to take depending views as to the future improvement of money. Other offices, chiefly of recent origin, have availed themselves of the late investigations, and exhibit premiums considerably lower. We shall endeavour to bring the two different systems into contrast, by showing the various sums to which the whole premiums payable for the various ages between 20 and 60 amount in a selection of offices. These, in the case of the Albion and Globe, English proprietary offices, are respectively L.140, 19s. 3d., and L.151, 6s. 2d. Those of the Norwich Union, Scottish Widows' Fund, Amicable, and London Life, mutual offices, are respectively L.142, 10s. 4d., L.146, 12s. 5d., L.155, 3s. 6d., and L.171, 18s. 0d. To put the variance in a different form, to insure, at forty years of age, the sum of L.100, payable at death, requires, in the Albion, an annual premium of L.3, 2s. 3d.; in the Globe, L.3, 7s. 11d.; in the Norwich Union, L.3, 2s. 0d.; in the Scottish Widows' Fund, L.3, 5s. 6d.; in the Amicable, L.3, 5s. 0d.; and in the London Life, L.3, 15s. 0d. We shall now select examples of charges by the younger class of offices. The Aberdeen Company (proprietary) charges L.129, 7s. 9d.; and the Scottish Provident (mutual), L.131, 6s. 8d. To show the difference another way, the Aberdeen Company charges only L.2, 14s. 5d., and the Scottish Provident L.2, 14s. 9d., to insure L.100 upon the death of a person aged forty, being in each case upwards of a pound less than the charge of the London Life Office. We have ascertained that the Scottish Provident proceeds upon the government table for males, which, it will be recollected, is considerably within the Equitable experience, and it assumes that money will continue to be improvable at not less than 4 per cent. To the net values thus attained, it makes a proportionate addition, varying from 10 to 15 per cent. according to age, for expenses of management, and as a guarantee for any unfavourable fluctuations of mortality and interest.

The experience of the last-mentioned society is of itself too short (five years) to afford a general test; but we have ascertained that, as far as it goes, it tends to confirm the perfect safety of the rate of mortality assumed. The Aberdeen office, from its institution in 1825 till 1840, proceeded upon rates a little higher than those above stated; the aggregate for the ages between 20 and 60 being L.131, 14s. 2d. With this scale the company thrives well, inasmuch that their stock yields an uncommonly large return.\* It is, indeed, a fire as well as life office, but the fire business is said to be trifling in amount, and not particularly profitable. Its great prosperity is understood to be owing to the life business alone, and very much to the success with which the funds arising from that department of the business have been invested. The Edinburgh Life Assurance Company—a well managed and successful one—exhibits an aggregate of L.133, 4s., being a little more than the Aberdeen Company's rates; and we find its stock yields six per cent., and stands at a premium of L.14 for L.10. There are various other proprietary offices which charge nearly the same premiums; but we here limit ourselves to offices of the probity of which we are assured from local knowledge.

It appears, then, that there are a few offices, proprietary as well as mutual, but chiefly of comparatively recent establishment, which proceed upon modern tables of mortality and the expectation of improving money at not less than 4 per cent., with an allowance, besides, for management and profit or guarantee fund; while the great bulk of the offices, either from a disinclination to change fashions, or a sincere preference for ultra-safe data, adhere to obsolete tables, looking only for 3, or at most 3½ per cent., as certain, and consequently charge, on an average of all ages, in some cases about a fourteenth, in others about an eighth, and in some not less than a sixth, more than the others.

The public may thus be said to have two plans laid before them for their choice. Faith in modern tables (and of the trustworthiness of these there can be no reasonable doubt), an assumption that the interest of money will not greatly change, and a preference for precise modes of dealing, tend to bring customers to the companies and societies of moderate rates, supposing that these stand on an equality with others in point of probity and prudence of manage-

ment. Persons of this kind naturally calculate that, if they can insure L.1000 with one proprietary company for the same sum which insures something less than L.900 with another, the reasons for faith in the respectability of the office being the same, they had better go to the former than to the latter. In like manner, such persons will prefer a mutual society of moderate rates, being satisfied that, at such rates, it should be possible to do the business, and content to look for the less bonus that their present outlay is the less.

On the other hand, the higher-rated offices have charms for many. Involving engagements which are not perhaps to be ratified within the present age, life-assurance appears to them as a critical business, demanding some extraordinary degree of security. No great is the disposition to dread what is cheap, that even in the case of companies which are to absorb all profits, many such insurers will be apt to prefer the offices which charge high, although these should have no genuine claim upon a more trusting faith than their neighbours. With mutual societies, where all the surpluses are to remain for ultimate division amongst the assured, the attraction is still greater, for there the higher rate may be considered as a thing in two parts—so much for bare assurance, and so much as a deposit in a security fund. Such an office may be regarded as both a life-assurance office and a bank: it is a bank for savings, with the peculiarity of not returning these till death. A person of the kind we are supposing will calculate that, since the money is to return to his heirs in the long run, it is of little consequence how much he pays over and above what is strictly necessary.

Were we asked which of the two plans is upon the whole the best, we should be disposed to avoid deciding on a matter of such delicacy; but, certainly, as merely individuals not pretending to any authority beyond what may be supposed to belong to persons who have given a little study to the subject, we cannot doubt that there is nothing but bad management, bad faith, or some unlooked-for change in the national circumstances, to prevent life-assurance business from being transacted, with the probability of profits in the case of companies, and bonuses in the case of societies, at rates amounting for all the ages between 20 and 60 to about the sum of L.132. It follows, that where a higher scale is acted on by a proprietary, the customers of the company are paying more than is strictly necessary upon fair business principles. In the case of a mutual society, the insurers are as unquestionably entitled to expect that, if the business be managed with tolerable prudence or tolerable good fortune, every penny of excess should be returned with interest and compound interest to their heirs. On this point, some very absurd phraseology is employed. The surpluses are spoken of as profits, while they are nothing but deposits; and the certainty of large bonuses is held out as a temptation to insurers, when in fact it is nothing more than their own money that constitutes these dividends—money as clearly foreseen to accrue to them, as the balance of a bank account into which more is paid in the course of the year than is taken out. We are not quite satisfied that the system of large bonuses is not liable to worse abuses than mere abuses of language. But, to pass from this point, we may at least remark that the invariableness of their occurrence in mutual societies of high rates, forms no favourable commentary on that principle of extreme security on which the scales of such societies are professedly struck.

Upon the whole, while we respect the high-rate system, we are of opinion that the other possesses a stronger principle of vitality, and is likely to rise while the other is as likely to decline. Statistical science is always becoming more and more definite, and the faith in its dicta must be consequently increasing. Acting on the Northampton tables must soon become too great a practical absurdity, to be endurable even on the afterthought plea which is set up for it. Precision will be more and more desired in life-assurance. Men, with a particular sum to spend in annual premiums, will wish to have the largest sum immediately insured for it which may appear consistent with safety, instead of laying it out upon a comparatively small policy, with only the prospect of additions if they shall survive a certain number of years. When two principles come into contrast in the present age, the one founded on old and infirm data, the other based on exact scientific calculations, it is easy to see which will ere long be in the ascendant. At the same time, if life-assurance is hereafter to be conducted on more precise data, there will be not the less, but rather the more, need for care, economy, prudence, and circumspection, in the management of the business, and the greater will be the need for precautions, on the part of individuals, with regard to the character of offices. The West Middlesex has already proved how easy it is for a knot of ill-designing persons to cheat the unwary by the temptation of a low scale.

#### EDUCATION IN CHINA.

Some of the arrangements of the Chinese put us to shame. "Education in China is more encouraged and favoured even than in Prussia; and such is the estimation in which it is held, that all state employments are given by competition, as school and college prizes, to the best scholars. Schools for youth are abundant in every part of the empire; and education is so general, and its cost so reasonable, that reading and writing may be almost said to be universal. Language is taught

\* Mr Reid's recently published and very useful manual of Scottish Stocks, gives the dividends of this company as 1½ per cent., and the L.2 shares as standing at L.5, 2s. 6d.



to very young pupils by means of rude pictures, which represent the names of the chief objects in nature and art. Then follows the *san-tse-king*, or summary of infant erudition, conveyed in chiming lines of three words or feet. They soon after proceed to the 'Four Books,' which contain the doctrines of Confucius, and which, with the 'Five Classics,' subsequently added, are in fact the Chinese Scriptures. Writing is taught by tracing the characters with a hair-pencil on transparent paper placed over the copy. This is a most important article in Chinese education, for no man who does not write a good hand can lay claim to literary distinction. The emperor himself, when bestowing a great reward, writes a few characters on a piece of paper and sends it to his favourite, and this is more valuable than conferring an order. Females of the higher class are allowed to acquire a little reading and writing, and have been known to write poetry; but the great object of their education is to inculcate obedience. The schools established all over the empire are superintended by various officers appointed by government. In every district there is a sort of literary chancellor; but early aspirants are examined by superintendents, who make the circuit of their district twice a year for that purpose. The pupils they approve of repair to the chief, and should they pass that ordeal, and thus obtain the approbation of the officers of their native district, they are eligible for the lowest literary honour of the state. This is called *tsu-tse* (flowery talent). For this degree the examinations take place twice in every three years in *foes* of every province; the scholars, having each a theme given them from the 'Five Classics,' in a large hall, are confined in separate boxes, to prevent their receiving assistance from others, and every avenue is strictly guarded by soldiers. The *tsu-tse* degree having been obtained, the aspirant has to acquire two other honours in the metropolis of his province, and he is placed on the books as eligible for employment corresponding with his advancement. To procure the highest state offices, an examination before the national college, or *han-lin*, is necessary; but the very pinnacle of fame is only arrived at by being examined by the emperor himself. Every literary honour confers the title of mandarin, and each degree is distinguished by a difference of the dress, which is in some instances very splendid. Genius and originality, amongst a people so blindly enthusiastic in their admiration of the ancients, are considered rather a blot upon, than as an ornament to, the character of a student. Memory is the chief object of admiration—memory to repeat the greatest number of the wise sayings of the ancient sages."—*M'Culloch's Geographical Dictionary*.

#### NATIONAL EXHIBITIONS OF FRANCE.

THE kindness of a friend has permitted us a glance at one of the reports of the great periodical exhibitions of arts and sciences at Paris, at which all the most perfect and ingenious products of modern French industry are collected and displayed to the people of the capital and its visitors. In Britain, it is well known, somewhat similar exhibitions have been got up in various places, some of a temporary and some of a permanent character. The Parisian exhibition is of much older date than these, however, and, in some measure, of an unique description. The first display of the kind took place in 1797, having been suggested by M. François Neufchâtel, and encouraged by the government of the day. Two others followed within the next three years; and it was soon perceived that such re-unions of all that was new, valuable, and skilful in the arts and manufactures of France, were likely to produce the most beneficial effects. They were found not only to further the spread of inventive skill, but took the character, also, of great national fairs, answering the purposes both of show and sale, and that on a magnificent scale. But the original plan of having such displays at short and regular intervals, was frustrated by the troubles and changes in the country since the beginning of the century; and exhibitions have only taken place seven times in the intervening period. This is at least the case, if we reckon as the last the one in 1834, the report for which is before us; and such we believe to have been the truth.

The preceding exhibition of 1827, like most of those before it, had taken place in the Louvre, but that of 1834 was held in four new saloons on the Place de Concorde, of much larger magnitude. The number of exhibiting artists and manufacturers had been regularly increasing at these periodic displays. In 1827, the number was 1795; in 1834, it was 2400. It is not our purpose to notice particularly any of the productions brought forward in the common departments of soft-ware and hard-ware manufactures, though in many of these France cannot be equalled. Suffice it to say, that, as regarded both cost and quality, great and general improvements were found to have taken place. A shawl which cost 500 francs in 1829, was vendible at the display of 1834 for 300 francs, the change being effected chiefly by improved means, and skill on the part of the artisan. It may here be noticed, that a *jury* or commission, in each department of the country, regulated the admission of goods, or samples of goods, to the exhibition, such a regulation being obviously necessary to prevent the intrusion of piles of inferior articles of manufacture.

If excellent in many common manufactures, France is admitted to stand peculiarly eminent above the rest of the civilised world, as respects the invention and manufacture of objects of luxury and virtù. The exhibition of 1834, accordingly, afforded a brilliant show in this department, and we find some curious facts regarding it laid down in the report. We may guess what must be the show of perfumery at a Parisian exhibition, when we learn that the town of Grasse alone, situated on the Mediterranean near Nice, sends annually to the capital for upwards of eight millions of articles of that nature—for the Mediterranean trade, we suppose. Akin to the perfume and cosmetic trade is another, concerning which we find here some novel and interesting information. This is the trade in *perukes*, or false hair. The jury of the Seine hesitated at first about admitting perukes to the honours of exhibition; but an inquiry into the extraordinary nature of the commerce removed all objections. The following facts came out. The purchase and sale of human hair once existed only in Normandy, Auvergne, and Brittany. For the last fifteen years, the trade has been spreading so widely, that the departments of the Côtes-du-Nord, Finistère, Morbihan, Ille-et-Vilaine, Loire Inférieure, Maine-et-Loire, Eure, La Manche, Orne, Mayenne, Calvados, Vienne, and (to cut the matter short) seven other departments, are now regularly traversed by the hair-cutters. There exists for this shearing work from fifteen to twenty principal establishments, which have at their service thirty, forty, and sometimes a hundred *hawkers*, to whom they give, in order to furnish an exchange for the hair of village damsels, merchandise varied according to the nature of the district. Thus, for the west, they give out kerchiefs; for the south, muslin and calicoes; and so on. These hawkers, or *hair-cutters*, follow and frequent all festivals, fairs, and markets, where, for a price in the form of mercery stuffs, they receive the hair of the rustic beauties. The harvest is sent by the cutters to their masters, who intrust to other workmen the task of dressing and sorting it, according to colour, value, and length. It is then sent to Paris, Bourdeaux, Marseilles, Lyons, and the fairs of Caen, Guibrade, and Beaucaire, where strangers come to buy it.

The hair-harvest takes place in the months of April and May; and it is a harvest of so regular a kind, that the hair-cutters know perfectly that in such and such a village, where they cut on a certain year, they will not be able to cut till another given year. The value of each local harvest is well known, and almost fixed; for, within a space of from ten to fifteen leagues, the regular quality changes, so as to make a difference of from ten to twenty sous per pound weight.

The clip of hair is calculated annually at 200,000 pounds weight. In support of that calculation, we might refer to the sales of soft goods made by one house of Paris, Messrs Carré (brothers), to four hair-cutting establishments in the western country. These sales amount to 400,000 francs annually. The goods are for the system of exchange mentioned. Hair is bought, on an average, for about five francs a-pound. Behold, then, a million of francs put in circulation, without reckoning the sums set afloat by the outlay of the hawkers on their travels, or the cost of conveying the merchandise.

Once lodged in Paris or other cities, the hair is handed over to other tradesmen, whose business is to clean, curl, and, in short, prepare it for the different purposes afterwards to be served by it. To the tradesmen mentioned, an average sum is paid of ten francs per pound, by which the original cost is doubled, and money to the amount of 200,000 francs in all, is acquired by the numerous tradesmen engaged in this preparatory task. After being prepared, the hair next passes into the hands of hairdressers, who pay for it from twenty to eighty francs per pound weight; so that, taking forty francs as the average, there has been now an advance of seven-eighths on the prime cost. After this point, the advance ceases to be regularly calculable, as the hands and skill of the hairdresser can raise it to any point, almost, that he chooses. It is sufficient to say, that a peruke which contains only three ounces of hair, costing primitively a franc, sells for at least twenty-five francs.

Nor do the benefits flowing from the hair-trade end here. Other trades indirectly benefit by it, as, for example, the silk manufacture. Before 1815, the lining of perukes was of coarse network, but the relations since established with England have led to the use of a fine silk network, formerly employed by them for various purposes. Bought at first in England for fifty francs by France, the English are now glad to come to Lyons to get this article for ten francs. It is stated that, at the latter city, silk linings and ribands for a million perukes are made in a year. Then metallic fastenings and clasps are said to be made and sold to the amount of 100,000 francs a-year. They are chiefly made in Belgium, but sell in Paris at ten francs per dozen. A number of other trades share, in the same indirect way, in the benefits of the peruke trade. One hairdresser's establishment in Paris uses band-boxes to the value of 1000 francs annually.

It is to be remarked (continues the report from which we quote) that this trade is one doubly interesting to France, as employing the materials of the country only, with petty exceptions. Far from causing French capital to leave the land, it causes capital to enter, both for material and the manufactured

article. But, in truth, the French hairdressers supply the made perukes to almost all foreign lands. Britain derives considerable customs (30 per cent. of duty) on imported hair articles, yet London merchants are glad to bring them from Paris for transmission to the British colonies.

The quantity and value of the hair, wrought and unwrought, exported in the years 1816, 1831, and 1832, from France, are marked in the following tables. A great portion went to England and the United States.

UNWROUGHT HAIR.			
	Kilog.	Value,	Francs.
In 1816,	3,240	...	55,652
... 1831,	13,721	...	109,768
... 1832,	16,551	...	132,408

  

WROUGHT HAIR.			
	Kilog.	Value,	Francs.
In 1816,	1,568	...	19,236
... 1831,	9,411	...	94,110
... 1832,	13,741	...	137,410

But, regarding these values, an agreement is made that only two-thirds of the real value should be given in at the custom-house, which is perfectly possible with such an article, and causes a great saving.

Thus closes the report on the hair department, certainly the most curious one noticed. Orthopedists and bandage-makers seem to multiply with great rapidity, if the number of articles of this kind be taken as a test; and the report asks if mankind are becoming more infirm and deformed? No; the truth really is, that human ingenuity is now finding remedies for ills long held remediless. Caution, we are told, is becoming an ingredient in numberless new articles. This, from the unique nature of its properties, was to be expected.

#### MINOR HEROINES OF SCOTT.

In the "Remains" of the unfortunate L.E.L., lately published, a few running comments on the various "heroines of the Waverley novels" appear, as having been among the last productions of the ill-fated lady's pen. Mrs Maclean includes in her list, as a matter of course, only the leading female characters of these wondrous works, and well has she displayed her appreciation of their distinctive features. Far be it from us to dissent from the praise bestowed by her on that brilliant series of conceptions: they are certainly surpassed but by the similar creations of one unparalleled artist. But it appears to us that Scott has exhibited his mastery powers to an equal, if not to a greater extent, in the delineation of many of his subordinate female characters—if delineation it may be called, where a few light touches, a hint, and perhaps a single slight action, constitute all the light which he affords to us, and yet from which, without one word of dialogue being uttered by the party, we obtain a perfect apprehension of a well-defined character, and even have raised up before us a corporeal vision, clear and distinct, of the individual. For example, in "Rob Roy," we obtain a clear idea of the character of Mattie—Baillie Jarvie's Mattie—and come to take a lively interest in her fate, though, in the single scene at which she is personally present her whole dialogue, direct or indirect, amounts to four words; and though her name only occurs at three or perhaps four other places in the novel, when, in place of full description, a mere word of allusion is all she receives. Perhaps our readers have never particularly noticed Scott's power of thus stamping character by a word, and of making his novels the vehicles of twenty subordinate stories besides the main one. Let us look at the allusions to Mattie, and see with what art he brings out the most distinctive features of the creature pictured to his own fancy.

At the first notice of her, she is personally described, very briefly, but very conclusively. When Rob Roy and his companions, in the prison scene, expected a formidable approach, lo! "there appeared—no guard with bayonets fixed, or watch with clubs, bills, or partisans—but a good-looking young woman, with program petticoats, tucked up for trudging through the streets, with a lantern in her hand." This is all we here learn about Mattie, and all that we ever hear of Mattie's looks, but it is enough; she was "a comely lass." The tucked-up programs of this short sentence also tell of tidy habits, and perhaps indicate a modest consciousness of a well-turned ankle—for the fashion is little approved by those otherwise endowed. The sentence shows, too, the good simple terms on which she stood with her master, and some of her duties in his household. At the close of the same scene, we then hear from Baillie Jarvie himself, that Mattie, as was befitting and to be expected, was of a decent family. "Mattie," says the magistrate, "I can let myself in—see Mr Osbaldistone to Luckie Flyter's. Mr Osbaldistone (in a whisper) ye'll offer nae incivility to Mattie—she's an honest man's daughter, and a near cousin o' the Laird o' Limerfield's." Mr Osbaldistone himself continues—"I remembered the honest baillie's parting charge, but did not conceive there was any incivility in adding a kiss to the half-crown with which I remunerated Mattie's attendance; nor did her 'Fy! for shame, sir!' express any very deadly resentment of the affront." To be sure not; this little circumstance but proves what we were already certain of, that Mattie had too much real modesty to be prudish, and too much good sense to



be suspicious, where neither moods were at all called for.

The next notice shows her punctual and active habits as a housekeeper to her worthy master. "What made ye sae late?" said Mr Jarvie to his dinner-visiter, Frank Osbaldistone; "it's chappit ane the best feck o' five minutes by-gane. [No half-hour delays or cold roasts in Mattie's hands.] Mattie has been twice at the door wi' the dinner, and weel for ye, it was a tupp's head, for that canna suffer by delay." What timing of cookery on Mattie's part, and how well, as his words imply, the bailie knew her care and skill! Dinner over, and our delightful Mattie comes before us again. The bailie had resolved on his Highland journey. He roared to Mattie to "air his trot-cosy, to have his jack-boots greased and set before the fire, and see that his beast was corned, and a' his riding gear in order." Plain enough this sentence makes it, that Mattie was his factotum, his comfort, his whole household dependency. He had "two lads about," but did he trust to them for the corning of his beast, or the sorting of his riding gear? No; Mattie was his domestic aid and trust. And well would the trot-cosy be aired, the beast corned, and every thing ordered.

Now for the most delicious and characteristic passage of all. The companion of the bailie's journey says—"We now set forward, but had not reached the top of the street in which Mr Jarvie dwelt, when a loud hallooing, and a breathless call of 'Stop! stop!' was heard behind us. We stopped, accordingly, and were overtaken by Mr Jarvie's two lads, who bore two parting tokens of Mattie's care for her master. The first was conveyed in the form of a voluminous silk handkerchief, like the mainsail of one of his own West Indian, which Mrs Mattie desired he would put about his neck, and which, thus entreated, he added to his other integuments. The second youngster brought only a verbal charge (I thought I saw the rogue disposed to laugh as he delivered it) on the part of the housekeeper, that her master would take care of the waters. 'Pooh! pooh! silly hussy,' answered Mr Jarvie; but added, turning to me, 'it shows a kind heart, though—it shows a kind heart in *sae young a quean*—Mattie's a careful lass.'" And off they rode.

We can here imagine that Mattie, after having actively, and even hurriedly, expedited her master's departure, took up her station by the door-check, and gazed past it at his disappearing form. Suddenly she cries, "Gude forgie me! I've let him awa' wi' only ae neck-napkin; he'll get his dead o' cauld! Willie! Davy! come here this minute." She gets the handkerchief, and dispatches one of the boys with it, when a dark vision of rivers, "where fords there were none," comes painfully upon her, and she cries—"Oh! Davy, rin ye too, and tell him, for my sake, to tak tent o' the waters." In fact, all the information is afforded to us by the novelist that is requisite; the imagination can build upon the fine ground-work, and we feel assured that we could figure forth every action and movement of Mattie in any given situation in life. It is but fair to observe here in passing, that Mr Jarvie's thoughtfulness for Mattie is almost equal to her own for him. When in mortal peril in the Highlands, and giving reasons why he should be anxious for his life, he says, "and nae doubt I hae some to depend on me, as pair Mattie, wha is an orphan." But, to come to the close of the allusions to her in "Rob Roy," every one must be pleased and feel it perfectly natural, that, "about two years after the period mentioned, the bailie tired of his bachelor life, and promoted Mattie from her wheel by the kitchen fire to the upper end of his table, in the character of Mrs Jarvie." Some fools ridiculed, but Bailie Jarvie was not going "to lose his liking for a nine days' clach," and, besides, "Mattie was nae ordinary lassock quean; she was akin to the Laird o' Limmerfield." Some friends were apprehensive; "but Mattie behaved excellently well in her exaltation." Ay, so she would, we could take oath upon it.

It is by the admirable way in which, by a few touches, he thus gives you a perfect and distinct character, that Scott seems to us, as already said, to have most unequivocally shown his power. A real human being, with her whole story, is put before us, and how briefly! Mattie is but one example of these minor female heroines of Scott, as we have called them. Jenny Caxon, in "The Antiquary," is another. She is even less directly brought before us than the comely domestic of Bailie Jarvie. Jenny was the daughter of the simple old wig-dresser, Caxon, whose duty lay in keeping in order the head-gear of the Antiquary and the two other wigs of which the parish of Fairport could boast. The first allusion to Jenny occurs in the scene in the back parlour of the post-office of Fairport, where the mistress of that establishment is exhibited in the act of greedily prying into all the letters of the bag of the day, along with her two gossips Mrs Heukbane and Mrs Shortcake, wives of the chief butcher and chief baker. While they are actually peeping into a letter addressed to Jenny by her lover Lieutenant Taffril, she calls to inquire if there be any for her. "Tell her," cries the faithful postmistress to her underling, "to come back the morn at ten o'clock, and I'll let her ken; we havana had time to sort the mail-letters yet; she's aye in sic a hurry, as if her letters were o' mair consequence than the best merchant's o' the town." Poor Jenny (says the story), a girl of uncommon beauty and modesty, could only

draw her cloak about her to hide the sigh of disappointment, and return meekly home, to endure for another night the sickness of the heart occasioned by hope delayed.

The gossips resume their investigations. "There's something about a needle and a pole," said Mrs Shortcake. "Now, that's downright shameful!" said Mrs Heukbane, "to scorn the poor silly gait of a lassie after he's keptit company wi' her sae lang! To cast up to her that her father's a barber, and has a pole at his door, and that she's but a manty-maker herself!" "Hout, tout, ye're clean wrang," said the post-mistress; "it's a line out o' ane o' his sailor's songs that I hae heard him sing, about being true like the needle to the pole."

Our readers need not fear that we are going to copy long scenes from a work so well known as "The Antiquary." This is the only passage of any length referring to Jenny Caxon. It tells us little directly; indirectly it tells us much, and interests us at once in the poor girl, not so much on account of her "uncommon beauty," as of the sweet and resigned temper, the gentle and loving nature, assigned to her here by implication. "She's aye in sic a hurry for her letters." True; the gallant young sailor with whom she had "keepit company" from childhood was far away, and she had not only to endure the pains common to separated lovers, but her tender heart was tortured by anxiety for his safety on the stormy deep. Though his courage and professional skill had raised him above the station in which he was when they became acquainted, and though malicious tongues, like that of Mrs Heukbane, might momentarily vex her by insinuations that he would never "look over his shoulder at her," her lover was "true as needle to the pole." From this very phrase, too, it may be noticed, we get a perfect idea of a blunt, plain, manly son of the ocean; and such Lieutenant Taffril proves to be when his gun-brig comes into harbour, and he acts as second to Lovel in an affair of honour. Lovel had a secret, and the lieutenant hoped that it was not founded in "false shame at the lowness of his connections?"

"No, on my word," said Lovel.

"I have little sympathy for that folly," said Taffril; and he proceeds to speak of the poorness of his own relations, and to say, "I shall very soon form a connexion which the world will think low enough, with a very amiable girl, to whom I have been attached since we were next-door neighbours, at a time when I little thought of the good fortune which has brought me forward in the service."

Yes, we feel comfortable in the assurance that this manly fellow will be faithful to Jenny, and will render her happy. But the course of her love was yet to be marked by anxiety and distress. Taffril's brig put out to sea, and remained for a length of time unheard of. We hear of the effects of this misfortune upon the loving heart of poor Jenny, by her father's communications to the Antiquary at his daily wig-dressing. "The sea's a little cast (says old Caxon), as I tell my daughter, pur thing, when I want her to get up her spirits. The sea, Jenny, says I, is as uncertain a calling." And again, at a later period, when the Antiquary asked if aught had been heard of Taffril and his brig, old Caxon's countenance fell. "Na, sir," said he, "and the winds hae been high, and this is a fearful coast to cruise on in thae eastern gales. I aye tell my daughter thae things when she grows wearied for a letter from Lieutenant Taffril. It's aye an apology for him—Ye suldn blame him," says I, "hinnee, for ye little ken what may hae happened."

These little touches show finely the absorbing devotion of Jenny to her lover. By and by her distress was deepened; for whereas at first the brig of her lover had only been missing, the rumour finally spread that it had certainly been wrecked, to the destruction of all on board. Incidentally, we learn how profound was the agony of mind endured by poor Jenny Caxon. We get one glimpse of her, moving about like a pale spectre, asking tidings of her lover. "Here's been the pair lass, Caxon's daughter (says Edie Ochiltree to the Antiquary), seeking comfort, and has gotten unco little—there's been nae speerings o' Taffril's gun-brig since the last gale." Poor Jenny! Sore, indeed, must have been the pangs sustained by that kind and fond heart.

But a haven of joy is reached at last. We first hear that "Lieutenant Taffril's gun-brig has got safe into Leith Roads;" and then one or two indirect allusions close the story of Jenny Caxon. All is at last fixed for the completion of her happiness. We find that her father, when set to watch the beacon above Fairport, occupied "his thoughts with the approaching marriage of his daughter, and the dignity of being father-in-law to Lieutenant Taffril." Finally, we hear of Caxon himself as settled in a snug cottage, "to which he had retreated on his daughter's marriage." So that the gallant seaman was faithful as brave, and we leave Jenny a happy wife.

It would be easy to extend these sketches, and to show that not less perfect in their way than Mattie and Jenny are others of the subordinate female characters of Scott. There is Grace Armstrong, Hobbie's cousin and bride, who speaks but one sentence in the "Black Dwarf," and is yet given to the human fancy for ever as a well-defined and delightful vision of youthful womanhood. Then there is Alice Bean Lean of the Cove, in "Waverley," who gains a similar pleasant idiosyncrasy without a word spoken. Little Janet

Foster, the puritan of Cumnor Hall, is another, whose image is fixed on our minds by a more full description. Mysie Happer is too fully painted, we fear, to make our remarks entirely applicable to her case, but she is a minor female heroine of the Waverley novels, nevertheless, of the finest order. Trudchen, too, of Lige, is similarly hit off by a few words in Quentin Durward. Jenny Dennison is a full-length portrait, and falls very properly, for she is incomparable in her way, into the list of L. E. L. Our memory does not serve us with more examples at present, and perhaps we have carried this argument far enough. One thing, however, we would say in conclusion, which is, that the distinctive individuality of a Flora MacIvor and a Rose Bradwardine, so perceptible to every one, is scarcely to be wondered at, when we consider the pains and space devoted to their portraits; but that Scott should have been able to hit off characters, equally discriminated, in a few incidental lines, shows in truth the master mind and hand. How unlike Mattie and Jenny Caxon are to one another!—and how unlike either is another humble female character of Scott, namely, Jenny Rintherout, the servant lass of the Antiquary! Grace Armstrong, Mysie Happer, Janet Foster, Trudchen—how dissimilar all! Nor does their dissimilarity lie in different personal descriptions—in black eyes and blue eyes, short figures and tall figures, and the like, though this is the way that common novelists endeavour to work out their distinctions. It is labour thrown away, for not one in ten readers could probably tell you what altitudes or eyes were given to the most famous novel heroines by their describers. The true plan, and the plan of Scott, is to seize on actions illustrative of the character required, and which can be referred to no other style of character; and the result will be, that the creature of fancy, to whom they are either directly or incidentally ascribed, will acquire the desired character beyond all doubt, and the reader himself will soon fashion out a suitable exterior.

#### SKETCHES OF SUPERSTITIONS.

##### MADAGASCAR.

THE people of Madagascar are of mixed origin, two great races, differing in many peculiarities, having founded settlements in the island. According to the best accounts, a black or Negro tribe seem to have been the primary occupants, and to have had a portion of their territory subsequently wrested from them by a body of Malay or Javanese colonists, a race of lighter tint, and perhaps greater activity of temperament. Notwithstanding these varieties in the population, the superstitions to be noticed may be held as common, or nearly so, to the whole of the *Malagasy*, as these islanders are called.

It was at one time customary to assert that the people of Madagascar owned no God; and certainly they do not collectively worship any single superior deity. But the assertion is, nevertheless, incorrect in a great degree. They worship numerous idols, and each tribe or section of the people acknowledge some one of these as superior to all the rest, which is virtually equivalent to the worship of one supreme being under different names. In the immediate vicinity of Tannanarivo, the central city and proper capital of Madagascar, there are twelve or fifteen principal idols, four of which are esteemed superior to the others, and each of which has its section of worshippers, to whom it is presumed to act as guardian and benefactor. These public idols have one and all of them their particular stations, with wide encircling spaces of sacred ground, within which it is strictly forbidden to bring certain animals and objects. It is remarkable that each idol has its own list of prohibited objects of this sort. There cannot be said to be any proper priesthood connected with the idolatry of Madagascar, but the office of guardian to a public idol is an honourable one, and held hereditarily, the emoluments consisting chiefly of presents. As it is considered impious even for the natives to attempt to gain a sight of the idols, which are shut up in rude temple-huts, their usual shape is not well known, but is supposed to be an imitation of the human figure. They are almost always of small size, and indeed this is an essential characteristic, as the common mode of banishing disease from any spot or village is by carrying the idol, closely shut up, to the locality in question, and walking round it in procession. Assemblies of the people meet at certain seasons, such as the period of rice-planting, in parts of the sacred ground, where they worship their idol, and offer up sacrifices. They never see the object of their adoration, but are at times ceremonially sprinkled, in presence of its case or box, with honey and water. There are no regular altars connected with the temples. "The idols are called god, prayed to, praised, thanked, honoured, and lifted up; they are said to be that which causes to live and causes to die; and are supposed to see the future, the past, and the present, and to be able to cast down the thunderbolts, pour down the hail, to remove disease and inflict curses, and to assemble the snake tribe [very plentiful in Madagascar, and superstitiously feared as special agents of the idols] against all who calumniate them. It is said, also, that their calumniators are strangled by them. They are called the means of life, and are kept in boxes."

Such being the impressions entertained by the Malagasy of the powers of their idols, it becomes ridiculous



to assert that they have no notions of a deity. It is remarkable, that, before an idol is appealed to or worshipped, the keeper sanctifies it for the purpose by sprinkling castor oil upon it. This he does, of course, in secret. The names of the idols are generally very significant. *Rakelimalasa*, the name of one of the chief idols, signifies "renowned though diminutive;" *Ranakavaly* signifies "capable of replying;" *Manara-mody* means "the restorer to one's home;" and so on. Sometimes, but not on common occasions, verbal answers to appeals are given, not by the keeper of the idol, but ostensibly by the unseen idol itself. The late King Radama was too acute and well-informed to give credit to such portions of the national superstitions, and he even tried, though at some risk, to expose their absurdity to his people. On one occasion, he visited a dark cavern, where the idol *Ranakandriana*, famous for giving direct responses, was kept. The king entered the place and saluted the idol. A low and solemn voice returned the salutation. Radama offered to present some money, and a hand was gently advanced to accept the donation. The courageous prince seized the hand, and instantly exclaiming, "This is no god—this is a human being!" he ordered the impostor to be dragged forth from his concealment. The spell was thus broken in the minds of a great portion of the people.

The domestic idols of the Malagasy are countless in number. Every house has its *ody* or charm, in which the family put trust in sickness and health, life and death. Every individual, even, has an *ody* to carry about with him; and these are articles selected either at the dictates of fancy, or pointed out to the party by an idol-keeper, or by the form of divination called the *sikidy*, which will be explained afterwards. Crocodile's teeth are in common use as portable odies, or rather as receptacles of the unseen influence supposed to constitute the charm. Mr. Ellis, whose able history is a text-book on all that relates to Madagascar, speaks of one man as having been seen to carry a small bullock wrought in silver, and as worshipping it in the character of an *ody* or god "of money." A bushy plant, hung up in an old chief's house, was discovered by some missionaries to be the idol which the chieftain worshipped daily. In short, any object which fancy chooses to invest with the required influence forms an *ody*, and the operation of the influence being entirely fanciful, no doubt a silver bullock or a plant will do just as well as any thing else.

Among the other superstitious ceremonies of Madagascar, two deserve peculiar notice. The *Faditra* is a rite intended to remove diseases, or any other threatened evils, from an individual or family. The priest selects a certain object, which may be either money, or a sheep, or a pumpkin, or even so worthless a thing as a handful of ashes; and, touching this object, he enumerates upon it all the evils which are to be averted or cured. If the *faditra*, as the object is called, be ashes, these are then laid down in some spot, to be blown away by the wind, and the menaced ill, it is believed, are dispersed with it. If the *faditra* consist of money, it is thrown to the bottom of deep water, whence it can never be recovered. Whatever the *faditra* is, in short, it is cast irretrievably away, that the mischief incorporated with it by the rite, may never return upon the credulous idolater. For particular cases, particular *faditras* are commonly used.

The *Afana* is a ceremony performed at the tomb of a person recently buried, and consists in the firing of muskets, slaughtering of oxen, and feasting. The extent to which these rites are carried, depends on the rank and wealth of the deceased, whose quiet rest is supposed to be thus ensured. The Malagasy have an extraordinary veneration for the dead, and particularly for the graves of the *Vazimba*, a term which appears, in its strict sense, to indicate the defunct aborigines of the interior of Madagascar. These graves are numerous in various parts of the island, and the stones which point them out are black with the marks of frequent sacrifice. "The graves of the *Vazimba*," says Mr. Ellis, "are regarded with equal fear and veneration by the natives. To violate a grave by taking away one of the stones composing the hillock, or to pluck off a twig from the shrubs usually found growing near it, would, in their estimation, be acts of such flagrant presumption and wickedness, that the *Vazimba* would himself resent them, by inflicting disease and death upon the unhappy subject of his displeasure. Not only would an intended affront of the kind be thus terribly avenged, but so insatiable are these ghosts, that should any one accidentally stumble against their graves, or, by the merest chance, happening in the dark, kick his foot against one of the stones, dreadful is the doom he incurs. In passing a *Vazimba* altar, the people are accustomed to suppress all levity, and to observe the strictest seriousness of demeanour; and so impressed are the Malagasy with the idea of the *Vazimba* inflicting diseases, that not only do they expect to suffer after having unfortunately touched their graves, but if enduring any malady for which they are unable to assign any other cause, they are satisfied with this, and conclude that they must, though unconscious of it at the time, have given offence to some *Vazimba*." These shades of the dead are petitioned for favours, with nearly as much zeal and confidence as is shown in the case of the national idols.

Besides these modes of controlling events and ascertaining the future by reference to idols and the spirits

of the dead, the Malagasy are in the habit of governing their actions, and inquiring into things to come, by a peculiar system of divination, of great antiquity among them, termed the *Sikidy*. The *Sikidy* differs from the ancient European forms of divination, in having no connexion either with astrology or necromancy, with the flight of birds, the inspection of entrails, or the interpretation of dreams. It is the mode of working a particular process, like a game at chess, by means of rice, beans, or any articles easily counted. The *sikidy* was communicated, the Malagasy say, directly from heaven to their ancestors, and the results of the process are considered to be revelations from the gods. A table or board, divided into sixty-four spaces, arranged in four rows of sixteen each, is the instrument on which the process is wrought out. A heap of beans, called *Voafana*, are placed beside the diviner. He takes a handful at random, and counts them off by twos. At the close of the reckoning, either one or two, of course, will be the residue or last sum, and this sum he places in one space of the vacant board. This process is repeated till the whole spaces are filled, in a peculiar order, with ones and twos; and then the arrangement of these, which chance has dictated, gives ground for an interpretation of the *sikidy*, according to established and definite rules.

In concurrence with the interpretation or answer thus obtained, the Malagasy regulate their conduct in almost all their affairs. "During illness, the *sikidy* is the grand physician, deciding what house and village the patient may remain in, from what food he must abstain, what water he may drink, what medicines must be used, and what friends or relations may be allowed to visit him. In proposing to buy or sell, the *sikidy* decides whether the bargain will prove favourable or unfavourable, according to which the object is either pursued, postponed, or relinquished. When intending to visit relations or friends, the *sikidy* is sometimes consulted to ascertain whether the individuals are likely to be taken ill on the road or not; and in the rainy season, when in dread of thunder and lightning, the natives consult this oracle to learn the means of preservation. Illness, therefore, and a superstitious dread of some expected calamity, are the principal circumstances under which the Malagasy make their appeal to the *sikidy*."

Divination by drawing lines and figures in sand is also common in Madagascar. Still more common is the practice of casting nativities, by observation of the moon. The person who holds this astrological office is called the *mpanandro*, and by this individual the destiny of any child is ascertained by a comparison of the date of its birth with the age and situation of the moon at the time. As certain days—the opening ones, for example, of every month—and certain times of the day, are held lucky or unlucky, the *mpanandro* has little difficulty in coming to a decision, when the destiny of a child is to be determined by him, as is the case on the occurrence of almost every birth. The results of this superstition are practically most pernicious and deplorable. The *mpanandro* always gives one of three decisions—either a *faditra* must be offered up, to avert evil from the babe; or the child must be exposed to some heavy risk, to take its chance of escaping it; or the young innocent must be put directly to death, its destiny being too ominous and lowering to render its continuance in life desirable. Happy are the parents who are directed merely to use the *faditra*! Unhappy they, who are condemned, according to the second decision, to lay down their new-born infant in the narrow path to a cattle-fold, while several oxen are driven violently in through the same access! If the infant, which rarely happens, escape being trampled to death, the agonised parents may clasp it to their bosoms, and bless heaven that the evil omen has been averted by the terrible trial. Those still more unhappy parents, whose infants are directly doomed to death, obey the mandate in silence. Suffocation by holding its mouth in water is the mode of death usually adopted. Infanticide, upon these principles, is lamentably common in Madagascar, though less so, perhaps, than in Polynesia.

The barbarous custom of trial by ordeal ranks amongst the superstitions of Madagascar. Formerly, the passage of a red-hot iron over the tongue, the plunging of the arm into boiling water, and the like practices, were in use; but the ordeal by the *tangena* has now superseded all others. The *tangena* is a fruit about the size of a horse-chestnut, poisonous to a remarkable degree. It is given in the form of an infusion to parties against whom accusations have been lodged, and who deny their guilt. It is said that the whole process is a piece of chicanery, the administering officers having it in their power either to save or to kill those to whom the *tangena* is given; and it would also appear that interested motives are at the bottom of most cases of trial, the public accusers receiving a good fee on occasion of a recovery, and a twenty-fourth part of every victim's property. This ordeal is not positively restricted to any particular crime or class of crimes, but it is chiefly given in cases where the parties are supposed to be *manomasy* or sorcerers, a crime peculiarly hateful to the Malagasy. Sometimes the whole slaves and servants of a household are compelled to drink the *tangena*, in case of any suspicious illness befalling their master; and, occasionally, the king orders an entire village to be purified by the *tangena*. Curious ceremonies attend its administration. At cock-crow, the *coank* or judges, accompanied by the accusers and others, proceed to the house of the accused. They

knock at the door, and call him thrice by name. When aroused, he blows up the embers and opens the door. "How is this (say the visitants to him), that the people accuse you of being *manomasy*!" He usually declares his innocence, and the *sikidy* is appealed to, to decide the site of the ordeal-ceremony. The "cursors" or accusers bring the *tangena* in a bag on the point of a spear, to the selected spot. Two chickens are then produced, and to both of these the *tangena* is given, the "cursors" exclaiming, "Hear, O Test, if thou art a perfect judge, kill this chicken!" while the same Test is adjured to let the other chicken live. The object of this is plainly to prove that it is owing to the innocence or guilt of the party that the test is either harmless or otherwise. By a judicious difference in the dose, the administrators, for the most part, easily accomplish their wish to save one fowl and kill the other. The *tangena* being thus proved, the accused is made to swallow three pieces of the skin of a newly killed fowl, and receives the deadly dose. He usually vomits soon afterwards, amid great suffering. If he ejects the three pieces of skin, which are eagerly looked for, the circumstance is held a good omen, and he is declared not *manomasy*, and means may be applied to recover him. If he does not eject them, he is declared *manomasy*, and is, in this case, "to be beaten with a rice-pebble till dead." The bodies of the victims are either tossed rudely into the earth, or left to feed the dogs and whiten in the sun. The man who survives the *tangena* is soon afterwards carried home in triumph by his friends and relatives. The chance of recovery, it is obvious from the preceding circumstances, lies in copious vomiting. The refusal to drink the *tangena* is held as an admission of guilt, and ensures instant death.

The main features in the superstitious code of Madagascar have now been touched upon. In that island, as well as in other places, such popular delusions, it is scarcely necessary to say, are a source of unmitigated evil. But a better day is dawning for the Malagasy. Their princes are now employing and taking counsel from Europeans in legislative matters, and enlightened missionaries have begun with success to sap the foundations of the national idolatry. The Malagasy may yet become a people worthy of the highly favoured country which has been given to them as a habitation.

#### "WHAT WILL MRS GRUNDY SAY?"

A TRUE STORY.

MR and MRS JOEL PARKER were worthy people, with two sons and two daughters, and a fortune, moderate but sufficient—at least it would have been sufficient, if the lady could by any possibility have made up her mind to live for herself and her family, and not for her neighbours; in short, if she could have forbore to ask, on every occasion, the significant question we have placed at the head of our story. It has been said that every body has a Mrs Grundy—an assertion we are disposed to dispute, both from personal experience and observation; but Mrs Parker had a hundred Mrs Grundies—Tomkins, Watkins, Johnson, Smith—their name was Legion; and, not satisfied with her natural and hereditary Mrs Grundies, she picked up new ones wherever she went, so that she passed her life in accordance with every body's opinions and inclinations but her own and her husband's. And the most provoking part of the business was, that these dictators were most times wholly imaginary. Mr and Mrs Parker were the bondsmen of taskmasters, unreal as they were arbitrary. Good-natured inoffensive people, doing nothing to excite malice, and not in a situation to awaken envy, the world cared very little about them or their affairs. But this was a fact, which, to use the American phrase, Mrs Parker could never *realise*. Like a corporal of grenadiers in the grand army, she felt that the eye of the world was upon her; and, under the influence of this pernicious optic, she sought for glory, or rather fled from shame, by running into folly. She and her husband furnished their house, arranged their establishment, regulated the number of their entertainments, together with what should be eaten and drunk at them, not to their own tastes, but to the taste of Mrs Grundy; and in obedience to the same despotic power, their daughters were forced to waste their time in learning music, for which they had no natural aptitude, at a fashionable seminary, where nothing was taught that was ever likely to be of any use to them; whilst they gave their sons a classical education instead of a practical one, and brought them up to professions for which they were wholly unfit, and in which they could reap neither money nor credit.

Mr and Mrs Parker were the inhabitants of a small country town in the centre of England, where, fortunately for them, the society being limited and the circumstances of their neighbours generally not much more affluent than their own, the standard the lady felt herself obliged to aim at, in order to please Mrs Grundy, was not a very exalted one. But there was a place in the vicinity called Colton Hall, calculated for the residence of a family of much larger means, with a fine house, that had indeed some pretensions to have been a castle; a park, walled gardens, hot-houses, and every thing else appropriate. The property belonging to a minor, it had been for several years unoccupied, much to the regret of the good people of M—, who recalled the time when the former hospitable possessor was in the habit of giving them two or three sumptuous dinners in a year, besides a ball at



Christmas for the young people, where they feasted on venison, champagne, pine-apples, grapes, ices, and other luxuries, which, since that period, existed for them only as visions of the past.

At length, however, the tedious minority expired; but still the heir was abroad; and some years more elapsed before the inhabitants of M— were cheered by the tidings, that Mr Colton, with his wife, Lady Elizabeth, were on their way home from the continent, with the intention of taking up their residence at the family seat; and when waggon after waggon was seen to pass through the town, loaded with all the luxuries and appurtenances that come under the head of necessities to people with several thousands a-year, none were more delighted than short-sighted Mrs Parker. "Go and put on your things, girls," said she to her daughters, one morning about a week after the arrival of the Coltons; "we must pay our visit to the family at the hall."

"I thought you didn't mean to go till next week, mamma," said Jane.

"No more I did," answered the mother; "but I hear several people are calling, and it won't do for us to be last, you know."

"Why won't it?" inquired Mr Joel, looking sharply up from the newspaper he was reading.

"Oh, because people will think it so odd," replied Mrs Parker.

"Why, somebody must be last," responded Joel.

"What signifies whether it is you, or any body else?"

"It signifies to us, at any rate," replied Mrs Parker.

"I can't see that," answered Mr Joel.

"You never can see those things, you know," answered the lady.

"Glad of it," responded Joel. "Wish you couldn't."

Mrs Parker, however, did see those things, or fancied she did; and, accordingly, she prepared herself and her daughters for the important visit, without delay; but ere they could set out, a difficulty arose which had not been foreseen. A friend who happened to step in, unfortunately mentioned that Mr and Mrs Wainwright had ordered horses from the inn, for the purpose of driving to Colton Hall; whereupon Mrs Parker began to imagine to herself what would be the astonishment and consternation of Mr Colton and Lady Elizabeth, if she and her daughters arrived on foot.

"How very odd they will think it, when Parker's a magistrate, and Mr Wainwright is nothing at all."

Mr Joel affirmed he was certain that neither Mr Colton, nor Lady Elizabeth either, would ever bestow a thought upon the matter; a degree of indifference so far beyond Mrs Parker's conception, that she was positively indignant at the supposition, hinting that, although herself and her movements might be very unimportant in the eyes of Mr Joel Parker, she flattered herself they were not quite so insignificant in the eyes of other people; to which insinuation Joel answered, "So much the worse."

In compliance, therefore, with the dictum of her imaginary lawgivers, Mrs Parker sent for a post-chaise and pair of horses (for carriage she had none), and drove therein to Colton Hall; and the family being at home, she, with her daughters, was admitted. Now, of all the Mrs Grundies that any body ever set up for themselves, Lady Elizabeth was the most hopeless.

She had been brought up in a degree of luxury and affluence, that, as no pains had been taken to enlighten her on the subject, left her in utter ignorance of all the principles of economy, and all the habits of life and difficulties of conditions that differed materially from her own—she was, in short, the legitimate archetype of the French princess, who inquired, why, if the common people could not get bread, they did not eat cake! She was by no means ill-natured, but yet, owing to this singular state of unconsciousness, she was eternally saying and doing the most embarrassing things that could be imagined, to her less prosperous acquaintance; and as she was very near-sighted and very indolent, she seldom saw, and never took the trouble to investigate, the cause of their confusion.

Finding Colton Hall very dull, she was extremely willing to receive as many visitors as chose to come, and the Parkers were admitted without demur.

"This is a pleasant day for a drive," observed Lady Elizabeth, by way of saying something to Mrs Parker, who was an utter stranger to her.

"Very," replied Mrs P., "and a beautiful drive we had through the plantation." (How lucky, thought she, we didn't walk. Lady Elizabeth evidently takes it for granted we came in a carriage. So much for Joel.)

"Is yours an open carriage?" inquired Lady Elizabeth, not meaning to be impertinent, but at a loss for something to say to a stranger, and supposing the question quite unimportant.

"No," replied Mrs Parker, blushing, and clearing her throat.

"I wonder you don't keep an open carriage," said Lady Elizabeth. "Every body keeps open carriages now for the summer, and, indeed, in the winter, I assure you, you would not find the least inconvenience. On the contrary, before open carriages were so much used, I was invariably laid up with a cold half the winter; now I never get cold. I advise you of all things to keep an open carriage."

Mrs Parker said, she "should certainly try it."

Now, as the persons she chiefly associated with kept no carriages, open or close, the necessity of doing so had not hitherto presented itself to Mrs Parker's mind; but Lady Elizabeth's injunction appeared imperative.

She felt all the agonies of shame at not being provided with a luxury which appeared to her new acquaintance so much a matter of course, and she would as soon have found courage to confess that she made her own pastry or washed her own stockings, as that she kept no carriage at all, but had come in a hack-chaise.

Lady Elizabeth next fell to inquiring of the young ladies if they were fond of music, an interrogation which they felt it their duty to answer in the affirmative, for they had also been educated into the fear of Mrs Grundy; and although, in point of fact, they scarcely knew "God save the King" from the tune of "Green Sleeves," they would not have shocked Lady Elizabeth's feelings by such a declaration for the world.

This unadvised avowal of theirs led to further inquiries as to what instruction they had had, who had been their master, and so forth; the answers to which brought down sundry ejaculations of surprise and regret, that they should have sacrificed their time, and injured their taste, with Mr Hodgkins, who taught at five shillings the lesson. The first masters were indispensable; Lady Elizabeth strongly recommended Mrs Anderson for the pianoforte, and Bocha for the harp; with respect to singing she was not quite clear—she was divided between Begnez and Lablache—some people thought Lablache not so good an instructor for ladies; but she would write to her sister, Lady Frances, who had tried both, and acquaint Mrs Parker with the result of her experience; and Mrs Parker expressed herself exceedingly obliged, and hoped she would not forget it. Several more recommendations and injunctions fell from Lady Elizabeth's idle lips in the course of the visit, the fruits of her empty unreflecting mind; so that, when poor Mrs Parker stepped into her post-chaise, with her two cheeks as red as peonies, she felt herself coming away with a weight upon her spirits that was truly oppressive. How all these things were to be accomplished she could not tell; and what Lady Elizabeth would think of her, if she left them unfulfilled, she could not tell either. The only comfort she had was that Joel was not with her; he would certainly have blurted out that they kept no carriage, and that they could not afford to throw away their money on the exorbitant professors of a science for which their daughters had no talent.

From that day Mrs Parker was an unhappy woman. Joel would not hear of the carriage, although there was a second-hand one to be had dirt cheap, standing in the inn yard at that very moment waiting for a purchaser. What was the purchase of the carriage?—a mere nothing. She did not ask for horses; they could always get post-horses at half an hour's notice—it was well known that the whole expense of keeping a carriage was the horses. Joel hinted at the tax, the repairs, the paying for a coach-house for it. A mere trifle altogether, Mrs Parker said; not to be weighed against the respectability they should acquire by the possession of the vehicle. In short, she never could think of going to Colton Hall again till she had it. Lady Elizabeth might be walking in the grounds, and what would she think when she saw them arriving in an old battered yellow post-chaise!—and Mr Parker a magistrate, too. Of course, they would be shortly asked to dinner; but for her part, she was determined not to go at all unless she could go respectably. Lady Elizabeth had also hinted at a ball for the young people, where they would meet all the county families. What a pretty figure they would cut, amongst all the equipages that would be there, in a dirty hack-chaise! But it was all to no purpose; on the score of the carriage Joel was inflexible. His wife had never found him so sturdy before; for, although he saw her folly, and despised Mrs Grundy himself, yet, as he was a man who liked a quiet life, and aspired to read his newspaper in peace, she generally conquered in the end by her pertinacity—like the drop of water on the rock, she wore away his opposition at last. But here she made no progress, though she worked hard too, for the case was urgent. The invitation for the dinner came, and, although it went to her heart, she declined it—she said she felt it due to herself to show her sense of Mr Parker's conduct. Still she did not give way; the subject was ever uppermost in her mind; it did not signify where the conversation began, it always took the same road, and ended with the carriage. Poor Joel was tired to death of it; it was the sauce to his breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper; and, at length, drove him from home. True, he had business in London, but the business could have been done as well at another time as now; however, he was in hopes the carriage fit might wear out in his absence, so he went.

The day after his departure, Mrs Parker put on her bonnet and cloak, and walked out in the direction of the inn. She had not quite made up her mind to do it, but she thought she would step into the yard, and take a look at the carriage she had seen advertised; looking could do no harm, and there was something exciting and pleasing in the idea—it gave her a foretaste of what the pleasure of buying it must be. She did turn into the yard, and there was the carriage—a landau painted green, lined with drab, and a chintz casing over it for the summer, price eighty guineas. The innkeeper said he was not at liberty to say who it belonged to, but it was a person of distinction; and he looked upon it as dirt cheap; it was an opportunity seldom to be had, especially in such a place as that; if it were sent to London it would fetch a great deal more, but there would be the expense of sending it. Mr Thomson, and Mr Johnson, and Mr Brown had been looking at it, and he did not suppose it

would stand in his yard many days longer, &c., &c., &c.

Mrs Parker examined it from side to side, and from end to end; walked round it and round it, and sighed and looked, and sighed and looked again. "Built in London, upon an improved principle," added the innkeeper, "expressly for the family it belonged to."

He was sure whoever bought it would never repent of the bargain. Mrs Parker thought so too; it appeared to her that there never was a thing altogether so desirable and so cheap; and she wondered, since such handsome carriages were to be had at such moderate prices, that any body would be without one. She mentioned that Mr Parker would not like the expense of a coach-house; and she also pointed out that the arms were an objection. But sellers have such a way of smoothing difficulties: the rent of a coach-house was a mere trifle—for the matter of that, he would not mind giving it a standing for the first year himself; and as for the arms, a coat of paint would settle that difficulty in no time. Mrs Parker said she'd think about it; and she did think about it to the exclusion of every thing else. As she walked up the street, she saw a carriage—very much such a carriage as that she had just left too—standing at the linen-draper's door, and she recognised the liveries as Lady Elizabeth's; so she stepped into the shop to ask her ladyship how she did. She said she was dying with the heat—it was much hotter than it had been last summer at Naples—she wondered Mrs Parker ventured to walk—there was nothing for such weather but an open carriage. Mrs Parker took this observation for a *renouveau* of the former conversation, and felt it her duty to say she was looking out for one; whilst Lady Elizabeth, who only talked of the carriage for the sake of saying something, and from whose mind the whole thing had passed away, answered that she thought she was very right. Mrs Parker walked home contemplative, dined contemplative, drank tea contemplative—passed the evening in a brown study—went to bed, but not to sleep; turned and tossed all night—dozed and dreamt that she was driving up to Colton Hall in the yellow post-chaise, and that Lady Elizabeth dashed past in an open carriage, and turned away her head contemptuously—got up in the morning feverish and rash—read in the county newspaper that the M— races were fixed for the 10th of August—was struck with the impossibility of bowing to Lady Elizabeth out of the window of a yellow post-chaise—again put on her bonnet and cloak, and walked to the inn—asked the innkeeper if he was sure eighty guineas was the lowest price, to which he responded, that if she would close the bargain at once, he thought he might venture to say seventy-five, ready money, though it was a great deal too little for it. There was no resisting this. "Remember, then, if I agree to take it, you'll give it a standing for the first year free of expense; and you'll get somebody to alter the arms for a trifle."

This was Mrs Parker's last shiver, after which she made the plunge, and bought the landau; but as it could not be used with satisfaction till the arms were altered, and as the races were at hand, the innkeeper was requested to get that little job done immediately. These arrangements made, Mrs Parker walked home in a state of mind that vibrated betwixt pleasure and pain. It was very gratifying, certainly, to be the possessor of a landau, and a great relief to feel that Lady Elizabeth could no longer despise her for the want of an article so indispensable. But, on the other hand, how to tell Joel of what she had done, she did not know; and the want of the seventy-five guineas, which had been left her for housekeeping, was extremely inconvenient. However, in the mean time, she should have the satisfaction of showing herself to Lady Elizabeth on the race-course; and she resolved to dismiss the perplexing part of the subject from her mind for the present. It wanted three weeks to the races when she made her purchase; and, as the time drew nigh, she did not neglect to remind the innkeeper that the carriage, with a pair of post-horses, must be ready for that day; whilst her own dress, and that of her daughters, were prepared on a more ambitious scale than usual, in order to be worthy of the occasion. But who shall put their trust in innkeepers or coach-painters! When the morning arrived, when the toilet was made, and the mother and the daughters, at the sound of approaching wheels, rushed to the window in all the eagerness of expectation, what did their eyes behold but the old yellow chaise shaking and nodding up the street as if it had a fit of the palsy. "It can't be for us!" exclaimed Mrs Parker; "it's impossible!" Things so dreadful do seem impossible, but experience proves that, when Fortune sets about being spiteful, the lengths she will go exceed all credibility. It was for them, and the post-boy brought a note expressive of great regret; but the varnish was not dry, and the carriage could not be used. Was any thing ever so provoking!—not to have the use of the landau on the very occasion for which it had been expressly purchased, and for the sake of which Joel's anger had been braved! Condescending to go to the races in a yellow post-chaise, after the brilliant prospect that had been opened to them, and encountering Lady Elizabeth's astonished eyes, was out of the question; so they stayed at home in sorrow and sadness, and had the satisfaction of seeing the despised vehicle rattle past presently afterwards, with half a dozen smiling faces looking out of the windows—! having fallen to the lot of the next claimant, who was too happy to get the reversion.

A few days afterwards, however, an invitation arrived for a ball at Colton Hall, and hope was once

again kindled.

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more in the ascendant, though still, as the carriage must necessarily on that occasion be closed, and as Lady Elizabeth would not see them arrive, the gratification to be derived from appearing in it was considerably diminished. Added to which, Mr Parker would be home by that time; and as the period for his arrival drew nigh, the prospect of the disclosure she had to make lay like lead upon the poor lady's spirits. It was not till the night previous to the ball that Joel made his appearance, and as that was an ill time for strife, Mrs Parker resolved to defer her communication till the entertainment was over. Perhaps the comfort and convenience he would find in going to it in his own carriage might somewhat placate his wrath. This seemed the more probable when the night arrived, for it rained torrents, and it would have been impossible for the whole family to have got into the yellow chaise, which, besides being in great request, was only to be had at such intervals as consisted with the claims of the other numerous candidates for its services. "After all," thought Mrs Parker, "I have not done so much amiss, and so I hope Joel will see, when he finds the convenience of having a carriage of his own, on such an occasion as this, without being beholden to any body." Joel did seem pleased when he was told that the innkeeper would send them a carriage which would take the whole party at once; and said he was glad Baines had got such a thing, it had long been wanted. So they all stepped in, and away they went, in high spirits. The distance was about four miles by the road, though much less by the fields; and as they rolled along, Mrs Parker's heart swelled with complacency, and several times she was on the eve of disclosing the grand secret to Joel; but whilst she was hesitating whether to do it or not, a sudden scream from one of her daughters interrupted the course of her reflections, which, before she had time to inquire what was the matter, was echoed by the other, whilst a chorus of exclamations from Mr Parker and the sons betrayed the appalling fact, that the water was pouring in from the top and at all corners. The slight coating of varnish, by filling the cracks, had proved a temporary defence, but had soon yielded to the torrents of water that were falling. What was to be done!—were they to return or go forward! To lose the ball was too dreadful; so the young people prevailed, and on they went, whilst all the vituperations to be found in the vocabulary, garnished with curses both loud and deep from Mr Parker, were lavished on the vehicle, and on the innkeeper for sending it. Poor Mrs Parker said nothing; she was dumb with horror. They spread their shawls over their knees to defend their dresses, the water falling heaviest through the lamentable hiatus that intervened where the top should have closed. At length they were released from this purgatory, at the door of Colton Hall, and were introduced into the cloak-room, which was crowded with ladies and gentlemen. All turned their heads to see who was entering, but none turned them back again—they were transfixed; the dresses, faces, and necks of the new comers looked as if they had been rubbed against a wet snot-bag. The water was stained with the yet undried paint and with the dirt and dust that had accumulated in the long-used lining. The housekeeper was summoned to give her assistance, and Lady Elizabeth good-naturedly came to offer hers. Mr Parker said it was a carriage that rascal Baines had sent them. "Bless me!" cried Lady Elizabeth, "I dare say it's the old one I sold him. We travelled all over Europe in it for seven years, and I thought it never would have held together till we got home. But they are bad sort of things except in very fine weather; you must have a close carriage for night, indeed you must."

The day after poor Joel had paid the coach-painter's bill, he was found dead in the summer-house. The coroner's jury brought it in apoplexy, but those who knew him best always averred that he died of Mrs Grundy.

#### ALL DIFFICULTIES MAY BE OVERCOME.

There are few difficulties that hold out against real attacks: they fly, like the visible horizon, before those who advance. A passionate desire and unwearied will, can perform impossibilities, or what seem to be such to the cold and the feeble. If we do but go on, some unseen path will open upon the hills. We must not allow ourselves to be discouraged by the apparent disproportion between the result of single efforts and the magnitude of the obstacles to be encountered. Nothing good or great is to be obtained without courage and industry; but courage and industry might have sunk in despair, and the world must have remained unornamented and unimproved, if men had nicely compared the effect of a single stroke of the chisel with the pyramid to be raised, or of a single impression of the spade with the mountain to be levelled. All exertion, too, is in itself delightful, and active amusements seldom tire us. Helvetius owns that he could hardly listen to a concert for two hours, though he could play on an instrument all day long. The chase, we know, has always been the favourite amusement of kings and nobles. Not only fame and fortune, but pleasure is to be earned. Efforts, it must not be forgotten, are as indispensable as desires. The globe is not to be circumnavigated by one wind. We should never do nothing. "It is better to wear out than to rust out," says Bishop Cumberland. "There will be time enough to repose in the grave," said Nicole to Pascal. In truth, the proper rest for man is change

of occupation. As a young man, you should be mindful of the unspeakable importance of early industry, since in youth habits are easily formed, and there is time to recover from defects. An Italian sonnet, justly as well as elegantly, compares procrastination to the folly of a traveller who pursues a brook till it widens into a river and is lost in the sea. The toils as well as risks of an active life are commonly overrated, so much may be done by the diligent use of ordinary opportunities; but they must not always be waited for. We must not only strike the iron while it is hot, but till "it is made hot." Herschel, the great astronomer, declares that ninety or a hundred hours clear enough for observations cannot be called an unproductive year. The lazy, the dissipated, and the fearful, should patiently see the active and the bold pass them in the course. They must bring down their pretensions to the level of their talents. Those who have not energy to work must learn to be humble, and should not vainly hope to unite the incompatible enjoyments of indolence and enterprise, of ambition and self-indulgence. I trust that my young friends will never attempt to reconcile them.—*Sharp's Letters and Essays.*

#### LINES TO A FATHER'S MEMORY.

For parents oft ere now has there been weeping:  
But never fell a tear,  
From fount where drops of human woe lie sleeping,  
Upon a father's bier.  
More sad than those e'en now my eyelids steeping—  
More sad or more sincere.  
The while, as youth and man, thou wert ascending  
The mount of mortal life;  
And while down age's slope thy feet were bending,  
In times of care and strife;  
None ever knew in thee an ill intending,  
When ill intents were rife.  
Distresses, on thy snow-haired season stealing,  
Might try thee sore and long,  
But could not bring one instant's weak revealing  
Of thought or purpose wrong;  
In thee the germ of honourable feeling  
Was planted deep and strong.  
Dear father! when in infant couch I slumber'd,  
How many days for me  
Of coming happiness thy fancy number'd—  
How much of good to be!  
Ah! by my waywardness these days were cumber'd  
Too oft with care to thee.  
Most happily for me, Heaven's grace permitted,  
That, though all undeserved,  
I should be partly of that debt acquitted,  
From which too long I averred;  
And should possess a refuge for thee fitted,  
When by Time's hand unweaved.  
And now can I reflect with heartfelt pleasure,  
When thou from earth art riven,  
That to thy aged years some decent measure  
Of comfort here was given;  
For times beyond, I know thou hast the treasure  
Stored for the good in Heaven!

T. S.

#### SONNET.

The mutual passion that unites the hearts  
Of youthful lovers is a precious thing,  
And potent is it to repel the sting  
Of evil fortune, or to heal its smart;  
But ah! too frequently to charms and arts,  
External aid, for sustenance doth it cling;  
And when, through time or suffering, these take wing,  
The passion alone which they fed departs.  
A love more pure by far the heart may prove;  
One resting not on perishable form,  
And which no age nor sorrow can remove,  
Though blasting beauty like the canker-worm;  
Nor can misfortune's fellest, wildest storm  
Destroy that holy thing—a sister's love.

T. S.

#### SLAVE-DEALING IN THE UNITED STATES.

The following letter on this subject was lately written by Joseph Sturge, of Birmingham, a member of the Society of Friends, to Mr Hope H. Slaughter, a slave-trader in Baltimore. We copy it from a newspaper:—

"New York, 6th month, 30th, 1841.

Since thou courteously allowed me, in company with my friend John G. Whittier, to visit thy slave establishment in the city of Baltimore a few weeks since, I have often felt a desire to address a few lines to thee. I need not perhaps say that my feelings were painfully exercised in looking over thy buildings, fitted up with bolts and bars, for the reception of human beings for sale; a sense of the misery and suffering of the unfortunate slaves who have from time to time been confined there—of their separation from home and kindred—of the dreary prospect before them of a life of unrequited toil in the south and south-west—rested heavily upon me: I could there realise the true nature of the system of slavery. I was in a market-house for human flesh, where humanity is degraded to a level with the brute, and where children of our common Father in Heaven, and for whom our blessed Redeemer offered up the atoning sacrifice of his blood, were bargained for and sold like beasts that perish. And when I regarded thee as the merchant in this dreadful traffic, and heard thee offer remarks which might be considered as in some degree an apology for thy business, calling our attention to the cleanly state of the apartments, the wholesome provisions, &c., and especially when I heard thee declare

that thou hadst been educated by a pious mother, that thou wast never addicted to swearing or other immoralities, and that thy business was a legalised one, that thou didst nothing contrary to law, and that while in thy possession the poor creatures were treated kindly, that families were not separated, &c., I was glad to perceive some evidence that the nature of thy employment had not extinguished the voice of conscience within thee. In thy sentiments, and in the manner of their utterance, I thought I could see that truth had not left itself without a witness in thy breast, and that a sense of the wrongfulness of thy occupation still disturbed thee.

To thy remark, that thy business was necessary to the system of slavery, and an essential part of it, and that if slave-holding was to be justified at all, the slave trade must be also, I certainly can offer no valid objection, for I have never been able to discern any moral difference between the planter of Virginia and the slave-dealers of Baltimore, Richmond, and Washington. Each has his part to act in the system, and each is necessary to the other; and, if the matter in all its bearings were not painfully serious, it would be amusing to witness the absurd contempt with which the slave-owner of Maryland or Virginia professes to look upon the trader whose purchase of his surplus slaves alone enables him to retain the residue in his possession; for it seems very evident that the only profitable part of the system in these States at the present time, is the sale of the annual increase of the slaves. In passing from thy premises, we looked in upon the Triennial Convention of the Baptists of the United States, then in session in the city of Baltimore, where I found slave-holding ministers, of a high rank in the church, urging successfully the exclusion from the missionary board of that society all those who in principle and practice were known to be decided abolitionists; and the result of their efforts satisfied me that the darkest picture of slavery is not to be found in the slave-jail of the trader, but rather in a convocation of professed ministers of the gospel of Christ expelling from the board of a society formed to enlighten the heathen of other nations, all who consistently labour for the overthrow of a system which denies a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures to three millions of heathens at home.

But allow me, in a spirit, as I trust, of Christian kindness, to entreat thee not to seek excuses for thy own course in the evil conduct of others.

Thou hast already reached the middle period of life; the future is uncertain. By thy hopes of peace here and hereafter, let me urge thee to abandon this occupation. It is not necessary to argue its intrinsic wickedness, for thou knowest it already. I would, therefore, beseech thee to listen to that voice which I am persuaded sometimes urges thee to put away the evil of thy doings, to 'do justice and love mercy,' and thus cease to draw down upon thyself the curse which fell upon those merchants of Tyre 'who traded in the persons of men.'

That these warnings of conscience may not be longer neglected on thy part, is the sincere wish of one who, while he abhors thy occupation, feels nothing but kindness and good-will towards thyself.

JOSEPH STURGE,  
Of Birmingham, England."

#### PERMANENT VALUE OF KNOWLEDGE.

One of the most agreeable consequences of knowledge is the respect and importance which it communicates to old age. Men rise in character often as they increase in years; they are venerable from what they have acquired, and pleasing from what they can impart. If they outlive their faculties, the mere frame itself is respected for what it once contained; but women (such is their unfortunate style of education) hazard every thing upon one cast of the die; when youth is gone, all is gone. No human creature gives his admiration for nothing: either the eye must be charmed, or the understanding gratified. A woman must talk wisely or look well. Every human being must put up with the coldest civility who has neither the charms of youth nor the wisdom of age. Neither is there the slightest commiseration for decayed accomplishments; no man mourns over the fragments of a dancer, or drops a tear on the relics of musical skill. They are flowers destined to perish; but the decay of great talents is always the subject of solemn pity; and even when their last memorial is over, their ruins and vestiges are regarded with pious affection.—*From a newspaper.*

\* "The latter remark, of course, applies only to the time they remained with thee, for on the day we visited thy establishment, a friend with whom I was dining informed me that a few days before a woman and child had been sold to thee, whose husband and father was a free man, who, in his distress, had offered to bind himself for a term of years, in order to raise the sum (I think 500 dollars) demanded for them; but as he had been unable to do so, my friend had no doubt they had been sent off with the very lot of slaves which we were told by thyself had just been forwarded to New Orleans from thy prison. Who is most guilty in this atrocious transaction—the slave-owner who sold the woman and child at Baltimore—thou, the transporter of them for ever from their husband and parent—the purchaser of the mother and child at New Orleans, where they may be for ever separated from each other—or the citizen who, by his vote or influence, creates and upholds enactments which legalise this monstrous system—is known only to Him before whom the secrets of all hearts are revealed."

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